









## RIGHT UP TO DATE

### MODERN HOTEL ASTONISHED DELAWARE FARMERS.

Accustomed to Simplicity of Country Inns, They Marveled at the Richness Displayed—Course Dinner Especially Puzzling.

One of Delaware's senators is known to a good many persons in rural parts of the state from the fact that a hotel at Dover bears his name. The father of the senator astonished Delaware about a quarter of a century ago by starting a hotel on the modern plan, the first of the kind that Dover had ever had and the only one of the kind that many visitors to the capital had seen.

When first opened the house was a matter of the utmost curiosity to visitors. Rural legislators and their friends looked with astonishment at its thickly carpeted halls, its many bathrooms, its heating arrangements, its electric bells, its lights and all its modern conveniences.

Hardest of all to understand was the hotel dining-room. Instead of one or two long tables it had provision for seating guests in groups of two, three, four or more.

This, however, was the smallest innovation of the hotel dining-room. Farmers accustomed to drive to town with a feed of oats in the wagon for their horses and to dine at the general table of a small inn at a price sometimes as low as 25 cents, never above half a dollar, heard with sceptical astonishment of the doings at the new hotel. The dinner was served, they learned, in as many as six courses, with cheese at the end that smelled dreadful and coffee without milk in little cups that did not hold more than two thimbles.

Some of the farmers sneaked in shamefacedly and tried that dinner, which, of course, was served at mid-day. The experience of having fish served as a separate course immediately after the soup was alarming, for some feared that there might be nothing else to come.

Then those queer made dishes that came after the fish were puzzling. It was only when the roast came on with the familiar vegetables that the farmers began to feel themselves at home, and even then the shifting of plates and knives was embarrassing. They reckoned the hotel must have a big bill for dishwashing.

Some noticed that a few guests had wine bottles at their places, and at this the farmers from the back country shook their heads, and wondered what Delaware was coming to. It was all well enough for a man to slip into the barroom and gulp a glass of whisky alone, or with a friend if he happened to be thirsty, but this thing of drinking wine with your meals was a bad sign.

When the dessert time came everybody ordered everything on the bill of fare, as, indeed, the farmers had mostly all the way through the meal, but the cheese was sent away in haste unfasted, and there was a firm demand early in the course of the dinner for coffee in large cups with milk. There was a good deal of grumbling when it was found that, eat as fast as a man might, he could hardly get through the dinner in less than half an hour, and much surprise was expressed that some of the guests sat the better part of an hour at table.

Those farmers who were not too much ashamed of what they had done went home and told their wives about that dinner. The foolish extravagance of the blanded thing, especially in the matter of plates and cutlery, was what impressed the popular imagination.

News of the thing traveled all over the state. There were hotels like that up at Wilmington everybody had heard, where you could get your dinner as late as two o'clock in the afternoon; but nobody expected such an institution to be set up at Dover. The senator's name has for years been conspicuous in business, but to many of his constituents it connotes first of all that few-fangled hotel.

**Not For His.**  
A prominent lawyer who formerly practiced at the bar of Kansas City tells of a funny incident in a court there during the trial in which a certain young doctor was called as witness.

Counsel for the other side in cross-examining the youthful medico gave utterance to several sarcastic remarks tending to throw doubt upon the ability of so young a man.

One of the questions was: "You are entirely familiar with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"I am,"  
"Then," continued the cross-examiner, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Taylor, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Your learned friend, Mr. Taylor, might," suggested the young physician.—Harper's Weekly.

**Bear and Man Both Scared.**  
A bear invaded the village of Mainville, in Columbia county, Pennsylvania. It came up an alley leading from a creek to the main street and was seen by Martin Gruver. He shouted and ran, and the bear, equally frightened, dashed past Mrs. Anna Gruver, who was coming from her home, ran through her yard and over the property of Lloyd Yetter, and then across a field and into the woods.

A hunting party with lanterns and guns gave chase, but bruin had too great a lead.

## MODERN SOLOMON ON BENCH.

### Ruling of a South American Justice in a Wife Desertion Case.

A judicial decision which rivals some of Sancho Panza's rulings in his island is reported from Valparaiso, in the correspondence of a German newspaper. The case was that of the wife of a fisherman and coastwise sailor who was deserted by her husband shortly before the birth of their first child.

The woman complained to the authorities and the police were ordered to keep a lookout for the truant. They got him after a few months, and he was haled before the alcalde and confronted with his wife, who carried the baby in her arms.

The facts in the case were undeniable; the defendant did not attempt to deny them. It seemed as if nothing remained for the magistrate but to assess the amount of alimony.

He paused, however, and reflected solemnly for a while. Then he asked the young woman:

"What was your occupation before you married this man?"

"I was a servant girl, Excellency," she replied.

"And what used you to earn in those days?"

"Ten pesos a month, sir."

"How have you supported yourself since your husband disappeared?"

"Since the birth of my boy, Excellency, I have taken a situation as a wet nurse."

"And what may be your wages in that position?"

"Thirty pesos a month, your Honor."

"Ah so! Well, it seems to me the merits of this case are very plain. In becoming the husband of this young woman the prisoner has tripled her capacity for earning a livelihood. He has plainly conferred a great benefit upon her, for which it is only fitting that he should be compensated."

"Therefore rule that she shall pay him every month ten pesos by way of honorarium; this still leaves her twice as well off as she was before marriage. Next case!"

### British Employees Protected.

There is a feature of the British Workmen's Compensation act that shows the thoroughness of the legislation secured through the efforts of the labor members of parliament. Not only does the act provide for the payment of indemnity to mechanics and laborers in cases of damage by accident, but domestic servants are also included in the protected classes.

According to the last census there are 1,641,154 female domestic servants in Great Britain. The new legal responsibilities of mistresses and other employers of these servants may be summarized as follows:

In the event of death resulting from an accident the liability of the employer is the payment of three years' wages; and an allowance for board, the total sum not to exceed \$450. For temporary disablement, one-half the wages and an allowance for board must be paid during the period of incapacity. In the event of permanent disablement the provision is the same as in the case of temporary disablement, even though the person disabled may be incapacitated from work for a lifetime of many years.

The accident insurance companies are adjusting their premium rates on domestic servants to meet the conditions. Another adjustment due to the passage of the act will be the collection of the insurance premiums from employers instead of from servants.

The premium per employee per annum in the domestic class will probably be \$1.20, although doubtless reductions will be given by some companies apportioned in accordance with the surroundings of employment.

### Moods of the "Four Hundred."

When you begin to see the restaurants crowded to overflowing with smiling, chattering, well-dressed, rather or conspicuous looking ladies and when from every other hansom a hand waves or a head bows, when you cannot walk a block without meeting some friend or acquaintance, you might—if you do not know better—be excused for saying to yourself, "Ah, ah, town is filling up!" But not at all. These good people come from their country places for the day, or perhaps the week if they are sufficiently interested.

They may half-open their town houses, but they will tell you that they are "picnicking." They wear their prettiest clothes, manners and expressions; they lunch and dine together; they are the observed of all observers at the garden (where you quite as often hear a milliner exclaim, "That's our hat in the box!" as a groom, "That's our horse in the ring!") and then, presto! they all vanish. North, south, east and west; to stay with each other, to ride, golf or automobile, as their tastes dictate, while New York is left to its ordinary work-a-day inhabitants, and the occasional charming Fashion Plates who "run in" to do a few hours' shopping for winter fineries.—Mary Manners in Broadway.

### Precautions.

"What have you to be thankful for?" asked the discouraged person.

"I don't know yet," answered the optimist. "And when I find out I'm going to keep it a secret for fear somebody, like you will try to argue me out of it."—Washington Star.

### Had a Good Chance to Judge.

The Deacon—Insomnia is an awful thing.

The Parson—Yes; but from what I see I guess there is precious little of it in my congregation.—Yonkers Statesman.

## HE GOT THE COONS

### MODERN DAVY CROCKETT JUSTIFIED REPUTATION.

Animals Spouted from the "Volcano" in Drovers After Uncle Sim Had Fixed Up His Little Surprise Party.

Coons bothered the farmers living at the foot of Jockey Cap mountain so this fall that the residents finally sent a committee over to Chittenden to beg Uncle Simcoe Pitt to spend a week clearing them out, says the Northam, Vt., correspondent of the New York World. They figured that Uncle Sim could get 'em if any one could, for he has the reputation of being a sort of modern Davy Crockett. If this failed, they said they would be ready to throw up their hands.

While it seemed as though all the coons in the country had congregated on Jockey Cap just to make the lives of the farmers miserable, they really believed there were only a few, for every time a dog was "sicked" on to one of the marauders he landed at the end of a mammoth hollow log, the other end of which stuck fast to the base of a high cliff. They had prodded this hollow log, forced smoke into it, set traps at its mouth and used every other means to get at the coons, but it was no use, and so the folk decided to send for Uncle Sim.

The famous coon hunter is getting along in years, but he responded vigorously to the call of distress, and the other day he showed up with his trusty rifle. The circumstance of the hollow log was explained to him before he had been in the village ten minutes, and, being the exemplification of promptness, the hunter hastened thither.

"Ye say every blessed coon's hiked right into this 'ere hollow hole 'n' got away?" he asked after he had made an inspection.

"That's jest it, tude," replied Hosea Park, answering for the committee.

"Every one has gone right in there."

Uncle Sim climbed to the top of the cliff, smiled with satisfaction and then asked for 20 men with guns. Forty-two responded and these uncle placed about a hole 30 rods back from the cliff's face.

"Now, chop that 'ere log right off clust to the rock," he commanded, "and you'll find that the hole continues right into a cave."

The surprised farmers did as requested and were astonished to discover a passageway leading into the mountain. That explained the mystery, but it didn't capture the coons. They were wondering how Uncle Sim was going to accomplish this feat when he ordered a big bonfire of wet twigs built at the mouth of the passageway.

"There's probably a mess of 'em in the cliff," he said, "an' we'll just smoke 'em right up through the hole in the top till they come out of the chimney like stuns out of a volcano."

Two minutes after the fire was started sounds of snarling and clanging came from within and immediately coons just spouted out of the "volcano." At the first signs of eruption the guns began to pop and as the fusillade continued it sounded as though a great battle was being fought. The air was full of bullets, buckshot, fur and exclamations, and when the volcano had exhausted itself coons were piled three feet deep all around the mouth of the crater. How many were killed no one knows, but there will be enough skins, according to reports, to carpet the church.

### Old Time "Curl Up" Skates.

Few of the present generation of skaters ever saw a pair of old-fashioned "curl up" skates or know what they are, but if they are native born their parents or grandparents can probably tell them all about these old time appliances for skimming over the ice.

The boys and girls of to-day have quick fastening, light and handsome skates, and in many cases keep them attached to shoes that are used only for skating and are put on at the pond side.

In the old days straps for the "curl ups" were unknown, leather thongs or stout strings being used with a sort of "harness" to keep the skates on the feet. The term "curl up" comes from the manner in which the forward end of the skate irons were curled, extending over the toe of the foot. Doubtless many of the old folks can remember when the cheapest skates consisted only of a wood bottom for the foot and a strip of metal for an ice surface. These were "cheap" indeed.

### Not Arousing Indignation.

"I told you," said the merchant, "to mark this box 'handle with care.' What's this nonsense you've painted here?"

"That," said the college graduate, "is the Latin for 'handle with care.'"

"How do you expect the baggage-man to understand that?"

"He won't, and, therefore, he won't get mad and smash the box."

### In Its Usual Form.

"Great Scott! What ails your stenographer's spelling?"

"Ails it? Nothing. It's in its normal condition. She's a little in advance of the other spelling reformers; that's all."

### Knocking.

Mrs. Grimsonbeak—I understand the last United States census reports ten women working as wheelwrights in the country.

Mr. Chrusonbeak—Well, they're not the only women who use hammers.

## DO WOLVES EAT MEN?

### Most of the Yarns to That Effect Declared to Be Fakes.

A sceptical person, calling himself St. Croix, has been trying to find out whether wolves and bears are maligning by the popular stories of their man-eating ways.

First he tried running down the stories told in newspaper dispatches. Followed in this effort, he turned to the Indians. They knew the gray wolf, having wintered and summered with him. Had they ever known of an Indian being killed by one? No; but Mingan was very crafty and very much to be dreaded.

Quite so, but once for all, had he ever to their knowledge killed a man? No, but they had heard—So it went; always the same intangible, unconfirmed rumor and the same absence of proof.

"Now for a few facts as to the wolf," writes St. Croix in Recreation. "He can go eight days without food and can then eat 40 pounds of meat at a sitting, so the Indians say. This is pretty fair for an animal weighing but 30 pounds. Yet we do not know the length of the sitting."

"The wolf will not venture on glare ice, he never crosses a lake until there is enough snow to hide the ice. To wetting his feet he is as averse as the domestic cat. He will not kill his game in the shelter of the forest, always driving it into some open place for the kill."

"When chasing a deer he goes at a leisurely lope, sitting down at intervals to give the most delicious and blood curdling howls. This drives the poor victim into a wild gallop and soon exhausts it and as the wolf never tires he is sure sooner or later to catch up with the quarry."

"In winter the deer often makes for some wild rapid into which it plunges, knowing that the wolf will not follow. Too often the deer drowns, but better such a death than one by the fangs."

"In summer a couple of wolves will secure all the deer they need by very simple tactics. Having put up the quarry, one wolf drives it by easy stages to some little lake—I speak now of the Laurentian country—and on reaching the shore the deer plunges unhesitatingly in, for its instinct tells it the enemy will not dare to follow."

"So on it swims, while the pursuer sits on his haunches and howls dismally, no doubt because he sees his dinner escaping. At length the tired deer drags itself wearily from the water, and shakes the drops from its coat on the sun warmed strand. Then the companion wolf, which has waylaid its coming, springs at its throat and when the first wolf joins him they have a gorge that makes them independent of fate for a whole week."

### January Festival of Japan.

Of the many Japanese festivals none equals in importance the bright, three-day celebration of Shogatsu, at the opening of the year, says the Craftsman. Before the last night of the old season comes all business debts must be paid, all family differences settled, and the houses themselves scoured and swept to the tiniest corner where dust—or a lingering bit of bad luck—might be hiding. The New Year sun is supposed to rise upon an immaculate community. The time, being as it were a part of this happy festival, is a symbol of congratulation and good will.

But aside from Shogatsu, the time is, to the people, essentially a classic flower, sprung from the golden age of China's past. We have something of the same feeling toward the narcissus, the Grecian myrtle and the pomegranate. For old China is to Japan, Greece and Rome in one.

The date of the actual bringing over of the time is not known. In the earliest collection of Japanese poems the Manyoshu, published in the eighth century of our era, many allusions to them as to a plant already loved and known are found. One charming stanza, done into English by Mr. Aston, says:

"On the plum-blossoms  
Thick fell the snow.  
I wished to gather some to show thee  
But it melted in my hands."

The dainty conception of the snow on plum flowers, so intermingled in fragile beauty and in faint, chill fragrance that one is mistaken for the other, is a favorite among the Japanese, and is often met with in later verse.

### Her First Stationary Tub.

At the "Corners" Mrs. White built a new house which was equipped with the first bathroom in that section of the state, and naturally it was the common subject of discussion, and many were the callers to inspect it. One old lady expressed a wish that some time she might take a bath in such a place, so Mrs. White indulgently offered her the privilege and left her to enjoy the novelty. Shortly, however, Mrs. White was summoned by screams of terror from the bathroom, and on running to the caller's assistance was met with the wall, "I am dying, I am dying! I've soaked up all the water!" She had inadvertently pulled the drain plug.—Harper's Magazine.

### Proving His Claim.

Manager—Pass you as a member of the profession? May I ask you in what way you are connected with the profession?

Applicant—You know the society hells who is elevating the stage in your theater just now?

Manager (Impatiently)—What of her?

Applicant (meekly)—Well, sir, I am that belle's chaperon.

## THIRTY YEARS HENCE

### PEN PICTURE OF FARM LIFE OF THE FUTURE.

Drudgery Done Away With by Labor-Saving Machines Operated by Alcohol Made at Home From Waste Products.

In an article in Appleton's Magazine Day Allen Willey thus pictures the farm of 20 or 30 years hence.

"We look in vain for the 'wood lot.' That disappeared long ago to make way for the more profitable field and orchard. The wood pile by the kitchen door and the big fireplace have likewise passed away. Nor is there any ash heap anywhere about. To this farmer coal is too expensive, especially when he knows that he uses less than 10 per cent of the heat it generates and that for every ton he buys he pays for 90 per cent waste. How about kerosene or coal oil or whatever you choose to call it? 'What is the use of paying freight from the oil refinery and helping the trust to make a profit when I can get something better for my purpose right at home?'"

"This reply may not convince, because as yet we have not had a chance to see for ourselves, but now we will start, beginning at the farmhouse. The reason why no smoke comes from the chimney is because the housewife is getting dinner on a stove burning alcohol—merely a turn of a valve controlling the supply and the contact of the match flame, that's all. Here and there are lamps which, when lighted at dusk, give out such a brilliant yet even illumination that the ordinary gas jet is a mere glimmer in contrast. Spirit furnishes the light. Over in the barn stands the familiar fanning mill for cleaning grain, but no one turns the crank that revolves its blades. The farmer simply throws over the handle of an electric switch and the mill begins humming a merry tune in unison with the clucking of the feed cutter, which is also actuated by the same invisible force. Nor does the farmer depend on the breeze to pump his water. The motor-driven pump keeps it flowing in a steady stream from the well into the tank on the roof of his home, where it is ever ready to extinguish fires and let him save on his insurance premiums. In the orchard the press is squeezing the juice out of the apples without a touch of the hand. The hay press does its work mechanically with just a boy to feed it."

"If we happen to be on the place at butter-making time we see the cream separators and churns doing their duty independently of the housewife, who only looks into the creamery now and then to see how things are getting on. This farmer may have horses, but not for field work, because he finds he can do much more with motor driven machinery at the same expense. Even his plows and cultivators are pulled by the traction engine with which he runs his harrow and thrasher. Here the engine must communicate its power directly to the farm mechanism; but if he desires he can operate the fanning mill, the separator and the other appliances in the house and barn from one source of power, using the electric current which he can readily generate with his little alcohol engine."

"Is this smokeless, ashless, coalless, woodless agriculture such a Utopian scheme as it reads?"

In the course of his article, Mr. Willey goes on to show how practicable the scheme is through the use of home-made alcohol made from waste farm products. This alcohol was recently released from its exorbitant duty of 20 times its cost and is now very cheap.

### His Automatic Luncheon.

A young man told of a recent experience in Boston.

"I was walking up and down the crooked streets of that old town looking for a place to eat luncheon," said he, "I found an attractive looking restaurant and entered. Soon I was perched on a stool at a counter, I looked over the menu card and ordered a beef sandwich, feed tea and a piece of cherry pie. The young woman who took my order turned and pressed one of a number of pearl buttons on a board back of where she stood. In a moment a small door flew open disclosing a dumb waiter arrangement which carried my sandwich. A similar pressure of another button and my feed tea was served in the same manner. Later the pie was served in the same automatic way. I handed the waiter a dollar bill. She dropped the currency in a slot, pressed a button and the automatic cash register dropped my exact change in front of me. Everything about the service of that luncheon was automatic except the smile that the girl gave me and sometimes I have my suspicions about that."

### Getting Round It.

Dr. F. A. Cook, the famous mountaineer, said of mountain climbing, at a dinner in Brooklyn:

"Peaks that seem inaccessible may be climbed by turns and twists. Mountain climbing is a question of getting round the bad places. Getting round your difficulty—that is the secret of good climbing. Last, the great mistake, had the ability to get round things. Hence I am sure he'd have made a good mountaineer. Once, at a dinner, Liatz's hostess cried in a horrified voice that there were 13 at table."

"Don't let that alarm you, madam," said Liatz, with a reassuring smile. "I'll eat for two."

## MY KID.

### I tell you what, you'll seldom find a kid much smarter than the one that calls me 'Faw!'

If I happen to tell you what he did, the trouble 'at he gives me an' his 'Faw!'

"'Twould take a month o' Sundays, I sh'd say."

He's a fine cuttin' up some sort o' shine, an' 'Faw! by Jucks! he's got the slickest way o' workin' me, that little kid o' mine."

The racket 'at he makes around the place beats all git out, for one as small as him."

The heap o' dirt he gets upon his face. An' him's so suthly werry 'tial. The limb keeps both of us a hustlin' 'round, an' then

We sorter make him toe a line. But I can't keep a nodd up at him when I think it's jest that little kid o' mine."

It's kinder lonesome when them noises cease. At night an' he is tucked up in his bed. We realize 'at he's quiet 'n' peace, an' rather have him 'round a raisin' 'Ned."

I t'pote up to where he lays asleep. 'All rasy—an' I ask the Pow'r Divine 'At if it's all the same to Him, to keep the devil in that little kid o' mine."

—Kenneth Harris, in Leslie's Monthly.

## With Interest Accrued

By WILLIAM McLEOD RAINE

(Copyright, 1907, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

IT WAS the night of the battle. A young man, one might better say a boy, crawled wearily to the rail fence against which two armies had charged and recharged in their efforts to dislodge each other earlier in the day. The lad pulled himself with difficulty to the top rail, rested there a minute in the shine of the moon, then slipped into the shadow of the woods beyond.

He went painfully, with a drag to one of his legs that told of a wound. Once in the woods, he came on a little huddle of dead men where a screaming shell had exploded and worked havoc. He passed the grim sight without the least emotion, for in the past 24 hours his capacity for feeling had been strained to the limit.

For some miles he followed a cow-path through the woods, which took a gradual rise that led towards the hills. The forest opened to a large clearing, near the front of which was a big, rambling southern house. From the windows a cheerful light cut into the gloom of the night. The young man looked at it wistfully, envying those within the good cheer and content they were enjoying. He was cold and stiff, and the throbbing pain of his wound had rapped not a little at his nerve. He knew of a homestead up in Illinois where the lights were shining at that moment, where his mother and his younger brothers sat about the fireplace, and remembered the father and the son who had answered their country's call to arms. A great wave of homesickness swept over the lad, and he leaned against a tree and gave way to his self-pity.

It must have been some minutes later that there came to him an intangible sense of another presence. He showed his head round, then swung his body with pistol in hand. But the weapon was quite unnecessary for defense, since those who gazed at him were only a girl and a child clinging to her hand. The girl was perhaps 13, and the other a lad of about nine. They looked at him with grave concern, taking in with big eyes the young man's haggard face and disheveled appearance.

Then after a silence, "You a Yankee?" asked the child.

"Yes," returned the man in the blue uniform.

"Ain't you feelin' 'pearl, Yank?"

The young man summoned rather a wan smile. "Not very. I'm about tuckered out."

"You were in the fight. You're wounded," cried the girl, with eyes dilated.

"My wound isn't much, but it has grown stiff."

"You must have it attended to. You must come to the house," she cried, impulsively. He stared; but she waited for no answer. "Can you walk?" she demanded.

It was several seconds before he spoke. "I guess I'll go to the house."

"Not come to the house? Why, of course, you will. If you can't walk, I'll read the boys for you."

Her quick insistence, her sweet southern intonation, were both charming to him, but he did not care to risk a rebuff by her people.

"You forget I'm a Yank."

"No, I don't. When you are well I'll hate you, because I hate all Yanks, but now you're sick. I reckon I don't hate any sick people."

"Did your people?" he suggested.

"I reckon my people have got hearts," she said, indignantly.

"Come along, Yank," said the boy.

"My name's Willie Mosely. Her's is Rowena. What's yours?"

"Robert Shively," returned the Yank, slipping along with them toward the house.

Rowena noted for a minute the difficulty with which he walked.

"You might lean on me," she urged, presently.



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## NEW YORK SETS AN EXAMPLE

New York has a good governor. Things have changed at Albany since Mr. Hughes took charge of the job. The political "leader" is no longer even an approach to the whole thing; in fact, he is of far less importance than the average humble citizen. Gov. Hughes realizes how little he owes to the men who have been the chief moguls of his party in the Empire state and he seems determined that they shall owe nothing to him.

The victory of Hughes was a most notable victory for the new idea in politics. It meant the temporary reclamation at least, of the greatest state in the Union and even though there may be a return to former conditions the influence of Hughes is sure to be permanent. If at some time the "old gang" returns to power it will hardly venture to adhere to all its old time politics, for there will always be the fear that the people will again assert their power.

Mr. Hughes' won his spurs in the insurance investigation and it seems certain that he will gain even greater honors as governor. Already, we have heard him mentioned as a presidential candidate and while he is hardly a probability for 1909 it is by no means unlikely, if he lives, that he will sometime be nominated for the highest office in the land.

It is encouraging when such men as Hughes are placed in power. It proves that the American people can still rule the nation if they wish and leads us to hope that they will eventually take the reins of government into their hands permanently. More than this, it proves that the people really can be trusted. The election in New York last fall showed us that men like Hearst cannot gain ascendancy over a majority of voters, even though they may with power and influence to a disquieting degree. New York, which has not for some years been in the habit of setting examples, certainly set one when she chose Mr. Hughes to be her chief magistrate and the rest of the country may well follow in her footsteps.

## BIRDS' EYE VIEWS

Don't you worry, chillon,  
'Bout you future state;  
Cain't miss no path to hobben  
If you keep a-goin' straight!

Mr. Lawson evidently enjoys being  
a storm center.

The rule or ruin capitalist needs a  
few sharp lessons.

If you are an honest railroad presi-  
dent, you couldn't be frightened.

It's queer that Mr. Bryan is always  
popular until about convention or  
election time.

When the two presidents, Roose-  
velt and Harriman, lock horns, we'll  
bet on Roosevelt.

If the Maine state capital is taken  
from Augusta, there will be very little  
left in that city.

President Roosevelt doesn't figure

that it is his fault if investors risk  
their money in bad securities.

The Harvard authorities don't like  
football, but perhaps they like still  
less the idea of giving up beaten.

Jamestown doesn't claim that she  
will have the biggest exposition, but  
when people begin talking about the  
best one she modestly preserves sil-  
ence.

Why wouldn't it be a good idea to  
introduce a bill in the next New  
Hampshire Legislature to remove the  
capital from Concord to Portsmouth?  
It would make lots of fun, if it had no  
other result.

## OUR EXCHANGES

A Message of Elaine's  
Now when you seek him with this  
word of mine  
Look not in any rose-hung, love-lit  
place

Where lesser lords in dalliance  
flour their fame,  
But where the thin, white lances  
glint and shine  
From their descending rain will life  
his face

Storm-like and keen and glorious  
as flame.

(Oh, flame that burnt my heart in  
lighting it!)

Yea, though he goes in armour, what  
disguise

May daunt ye, thinking ever of this  
thing?

Ye seek the strongest and unen-  
derest.

Nor fear lest he be hidden to your  
eyes.

For though he stand full fronted to  
the king,

Still shall ye know him mightiest  
mid the best.

(Oh, might that held my being in  
one hand!)

Give ye no word of grief that prayed  
and yearned

This only the poor message I would  
send:

That in his hearing I may live  
again.

Tell him my love was like a sword  
that turned

Forever in my heart, yet, at the  
end,

Killed me most sweetly and with  
little pain.

(Seeing I kissed it smiling as it  
killed.)

—Theodosia Garrison in Metropolitan  
Magazine, March number.

Wouldn't Know the Ideal Evelyn

Although thousands of pictures of  
Mrs. Thaw have been printed we do  
not believe that a person who saw  
them all could identify the woman  
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Sun.

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## It Can't End Too Quickly

It is with a breath of relief that  
the country hears that the end of the  
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## THE USUAL HIT

Scored Wednesday Evening by Nell  
Burgess in "The County Fair"

Nell Burgess has lost none of his  
power to please. He holds his audi-  
ences today as he has always held  
them and gives to the part of Abigail  
Prue in "The County Fair" the same  
charm which it possessed when first  
presented to the theatre-going public.

A more satisfactory production of  
"The County Fair" was never given  
at Music Hall than that of Thursday  
evening. Mr. Burgess was received  
as enthusiastically as if he had never  
been seen in this city before and the  
great horse race scene awakened all  
of the old time enthusiasm.

Mr. Burgess was supported by an  
excellent company. Bartley McCul-  
lum, of "Way Down East" fame, was  
inimitable as Otis Tucker, How-  
ard Tremaine was convincing as Joel  
Bartlett and Walter Kelly was decid-  
edly well cast as Solon Hammerhead.

Grall Z. Towers was charming as  
Sallie Greenaway while William F.  
O'Sullivan as Tim and Francesca  
Parlier as Taggs scored hits.

"Cold Molasses," too, must be  
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ever seen here. The cast of charac-  
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Solon Hammerhead, Walter Kelly

Joel Bartlett, Howard Tremaine

Bill Parker, Harrie Weston

Jockey Dan, Charles Bhardt

Jockey Joe, Charles Adams

Cold Molasses, By Himself

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## FROM NEW YORK.

(Continued from first page)

started as an office boy in the New  
York Life in 1879, and now is a multi-  
millionaire member of the wealthiest  
New York banking house while, for a  
time, he also practically controlled  
the affairs of the big life insurance  
company with which he started.

Henry C. Frick has again let Wall  
street feel his power in a no uncer-  
tain manner. This Pittsburgh capi-  
talist, who is so vastly different from  
most of the self-made affairs that  
come out of Pittsburgh, does not in-  
terfere very often in speculative af-  
fairs. When he does there is action  
every time.

In his Reading deal, Mr. Frick's  
work was typical. For months at a  
time nobody in the financial district  
ever hears of this man, who now  
lives here, occupying the George W.  
Vanderbilt house on Fifth avenue.  
Then, suddenly, he emerges from his  
seeming obscurity, takes off a few  
million dollars in quick profits in the  
market, and goes back again to the  
even tenor of his ways.

Frick really is an ideal type of the  
self-made American. He is no uncut  
diamond like some of the million-  
aires who have come out of the West.  
He is polished, educated and pos-  
sesses a natural refinement and a  
quiet demeanor which never would  
lead anybody to believe that he came  
from Pittsburgh. His private art  
gallery is one of the finest in the  
country, and today perhaps it would  
not be inappropriate to refer to him  
as the unofficial head of the United  
States Steel Corporation.

Pneumonia is now killing over 200  
people a week in Greater New York.  
All of the hospitals are being be-  
sieged for the admission of patients  
suffering from this dread ailment and  
these institutions are being taxed to  
their utmost.

This probably has been one of the  
most unhealthful Winters New York  
has experienced in many a year, and  
whatever we New Yorkers may say  
about our city when indulging in  
some pride-puffed remarks, we cer-  
tainly cannot say much for New York  
weather. It is the dampest of damp  
colds in winter, and the hottest of  
humid hot in summer. With the hu-  
midity and ever-changing conditions  
it is the limit; so much so that re-  
cently, when a New Yorker consulted  
his doctor and asked him if he did not  
think a change was needed, the lat-  
ter replied:

"Yes, you do need a change. Stay  
right here in town and you will get  
one every half-hour."

Just as the snowfall this winter  
has been most unusual for the me-  
tropolis, so have been the moisture  
and the fogs. This, physicians hold,  
is responsible for the prevalence of  
pulmonary troubles which are caus-  
ing an average of 500 deaths a week.

Many revolutionary changes are  
being brought about in the confection-  
ery trade by the workings of the new  
pure food law. One of the most  
pleasing of these changes is the elimi-  
nation of tons and tons of cheap  
candies made of glucose and colored  
with various minerals which tax even  
the proverbial digestion of the small  
boy.

Glucose now is being made in a dif-  
ferent manner than heretofore and it  
is said that the glucose industry has  
been obliged to spend a million dol-  
lars on new processes in order to  
comply with the new statutes. "Min-  
eral colors are tabooed, paraffine is  
on trial, and the manufacturers of  
cheap candy are in despair of being  
able to supply their old market. One  
of the largest of these manufacturers  
has gone out of business and the ones  
who remain are spending their days  
and nights trying to figure out a way  
to beat the law.

One result is that the manufactur-  
ers of high-grade goods are being  
overwhelmed with orders because  
dealers have not yet been able to  
find out what it is safe to sell in the  
way of cheap articles.

## SHAW MADE GOOD

Billiard Expert Gave Fine Exhibition  
at Athletic Club

Low Shaw, the billiard expert, gave  
a second exhibition at the Port-  
smouth Athletic Club on Thursday  
evening, in connection with the regu-  
lar weekly smoker.

Shaw is certainly a wonder. He  
made billiard and pool balls do nearly  
everything but talk. He showed  
club members all there is in the  
game of billiards, making some won-  
derful draw, drive and masse shots.  
There was also an exhibition of  
fancy shots which stamped Shaw a  
vizard.

It was undoubtedly one of the  
greatest exhibitions ever given in  
this city.

## MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

The next regular meeting of the

Ministerial Association will be held  
at the Baptist annex at 10.15 o'clock  
Monday morning, with a paper, by  
Rev. C. P. Emery, "Church of the  
Future in Relation to Evangelism."

## A WORTHY CAUSE

The Benefit Fund For Capt. Joshua  
Nickerson

Captain Watson of T wharf, Boston  
was here today in consultation with  
Superintendent Silas Harding of the  
Life Saving Service about the benefit  
fund being raised for Captain Joshua  
Nickerson, who lost both hands and  
feet here some weeks ago. They  
called on Captain Nickerson at the  
Cottage hospital, and plans were made  
which proved satisfactory to all con-  
cerned. The funds so far collected  
about \$400 will be held in trust by  
Captain Watson, and Captain Nick-  
erson's wife will be installed in a house  
at Beverly where she can keep board-  
ers, and make a home for her hus-  
band. As soon as she is moved to  
that city Captain Nickerson will be  
sent there.

With the remainder of the fund,  
and that which it is hoped will come  
in, artificial hands and feet will be  
purchased, and later Captain Nick-  
erson will be given some easy work  
about T wharf.

The fund in this city is not as large  
as was expected would be received,  
but a good increase is looked for.

## PASSACONAWAY INN

Will Be Under New Management  
This Season

W. H. Torrey has leased the Pas-  
sacaway Inn at York Cliffs and  
that famous hotel will be conducted  
under his personal management. Har-  
vey and Wood having given up the  
lease of this property as well as of  
the hotels Rockingham and Went-  
worth. Mr. Torrey is manager of  
the beautiful Back Bay hotel in Bos-  
ton known as the Canterbury. He  
also has been previously connected  
with the Passaconaway under its for-  
mer proprietor. Mr. Torrey is a  
man of wide experience in the hotel  
business and is well known in this  
city.

## INSOMNIA

"I have been using Cascarets for Insomnia, with  
the best results. I suffered for over twenty years,  
and I can say that Cascarets have given me more  
rest and better health than any other remedy I have ever tried.  
I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as  
being all they are represented to be."  
—Thos. Ollard, Elgin, Ill.

Best For  
The Bowels  
Cascarets  
CANDY CATHARTIC  
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good,  
Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never  
sold in bulk. Two centime tablets stamped C. C. C.  
Guaranteed to cure or your money back.  
—Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 50¢  
ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

23

## THAT'S OUR NUMBER.

When you call us on  
telephone you'll not get  
"Skidoo" or the "Hook,"  
but

## GRAY &amp; PRIME

who will give prompt ser-  
vice and send you the  
best coal mined. Try it

## New York City

## HOTEL

## ST. DENIS

BROADWAY AND 11TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY.

Within Easy Access of Every Point of



**READY TO RACE****Oxford And Cambridge  
Prepared To Meet****THE GREAT ENGLISH BOAT  
RACE TOMORROW****Crack Cambridge Crew A Slight  
Favorite With Experts****FIRST CONTEST TOOK PLACE IN THE YEAR  
1829**

London, March 15.—The annual boat race from Mortlake to Putney between the crews of Oxford and Cambridge universities will take place tomorrow and interest in the great aquatic event is as keen as ever. For weeks the papers have devoted columns to the daily work of the two eights, the betting is at its height and after all is said there appears to be little difference between the two boats.

The two crews commenced to practice the first week in January and entered strict training a month later. The last two weeks are by far the most important and during this period only is it possible to form definite opinions upon the respective merits of the rival crews. Both wisely decided to lose no time and to proceed at once to Putney in order to obtain as much practice as possible on the varying waters of the Thames course where the race will take place. Cambridge, in the opinion of most competent critics, is a more powerful combination than Oxford, but they are not so neat or so lively. It is generally agreed that the Oxford crew of this year is very much superior to the one of last year.

The past history of the race between the rival universities is unique in many respects. The famous crews have fought it out no less than sixty-three times, the first race hav-

ing been rowed in 1829. Since 1866 the event has been pulled off regularly each year without a break. Of the total number of races Oxford has won thirty-four while Cambridge has secured twenty-eight, with a sensational tie at dead heat in 1877.

The first race rowed in outriggers was in 1846 and was won by the Cambridge crew by two lengths. The earlier struggles were under the most primitive conditions. In 1857 was held the first race in which either university rowed in the present style of eights without keel. In the same year round oars were also used for the first time. Sliding seats were used for the first time in 1873. In 1849 Oxford won the race on a foul and ten years later received another bloodless victory, the Cambridge boat having sunk. Twenty minutes was beaten for the first time in 1873 when Cambridge won by three lengths in nineteen minutes, thirty-six seconds. This time stood as the best until 1891, when Oxford won by over two lengths in nineteen minutes and twenty-one seconds. All previous records were eclipsed in 1893 when Oxford won by over one length in eighteen minutes and forty-seven seconds. Seven years later Cambridge tied this time record.

Beginning with the race of 1890, Oxford won for nine successive years. This was a repetition of a past performance, for it also had nine successive victories to its credit beginning with the year 1861.

**Fit Over Sixty Years**

Mrs. WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Guaranteed under the food and drugs act June 30, 1906. Serial number, 1093.

**PLEASANT PARTY**

Given in Peirce Hall By The "Kumfy" Club

The "Kumfy" Club—William Dawson, A. Leon Smith, Fred W. Coleman and Ralph H. Spinney, gave a very pleasant dancing party in Peirce Hall on Thursday evening. It was the second party given by these young men and those who attended passed a most enjoyable evening.

Dancing began at eight and continued until twelve and there was a well arranged dance program, with a liberal number of extras at the end.

Harold N. Hett furnished excellent music.

The only form of food made from wheat that is all nutriment is the soda cracker, and yet—the only soda cracker of which this is really true is

**Unedda Biscuit**

The only soda cracker scientifically baked.  
The only soda cracker effectually protected.  
The only soda cracker ever fresh, crisp and clean.  
The only soda cracker good at all times.

**5¢ In a dust tight,  
moisture proof package.**

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

**THE THEATRICAL FOLK**

"Pretty Enough to be Stolen"  
A St. Louis critic in writing of the "Isle of Spice," when it appeared there recently at the Century Theatre, said: "Not since 'Mr. Bluebeard' was here have we had such a fine heavy of little girls as seen in 'The Isle of Spice.' They are all spiced, ginger, grace and pretty enough to be stolen."

The principals of the cast include such well known people as Leslie Leigh, Blanche Holt, Helen Chombar, Beniah Hamilton, Marguerite De Santo, Viola Macey, Rosita Lawrence, John Mylie, W. J. McGraw, Jack Leslie, Charles Deagon, Bert Wainwright, Harry Griffith, F. W. Kraft and others.

The production comes here under the management of B. C. Whitney.

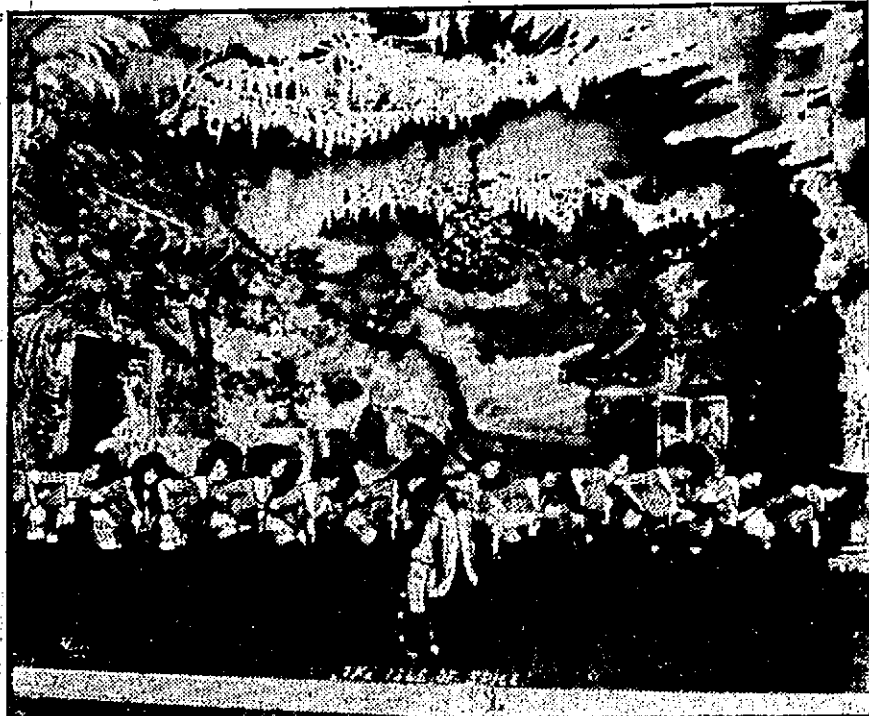
evolved a story at once, unique, thrilling and fascinating.

Richard Temple, as portrayed by Mr. Olcott, is a young man of his period, dashing, handsome, graceful and witty, living the careless existence of the youth of fashion. He has gone the pace and as the play opens the lines are closing about him. Then about to flee the country to enlist under Napoleon, he falls in love with Eileen O'Donnell, turns over a new leaf and proves his worthiness. Mr. Olcott sings four new songs, which he wrote and composed himself.

There will be a St. Patrick's day matinee next Monday, March 18.

**MORE ROBIN STORIES**

The Robin Club met as usual on Vaughan street early this (Friday)



Scene in the Isle of Spice.

and since its last appearance in this city it has been improved in many ways. New numbers of the whistle-able kind have been added, the cast strengthened, and effects of a very costly nature placed with it that are so startling and picturesque that they win the admiration and plaudits of the audience.

The company is a large one, comprising over sixty people, and will be on view intact at Music Hall on Saturday afternoon and evening.

**With Chauncey Olcott**

Miss Mildred Beverly, who is remembered for her excellent work as foil for Mrs. Patrick Campbell in her production of "The Sorceress," is seen in a similar role in Chauncey Olcott's "Eileen Ashore." Miss Beverly has won considerable fame as a linguist. She not only speaks fluently half a dozen languages, but has acted in French, Spanish and Italian, in addition to her mother tongue.

**Good, Clean Comedy**

Realizing that there is a demand for good, clean comedy from all theatregoers, this part of the production of "As Told in the Hills," to be seen at Music Hall, has been made an important feature. There are a number of clever specialties introduced by members of the cast, who have established reputations in vaudeville, as well as in the legitimate.

Chauncey Olcott at the Boston Theatre

Chauncey Olcott, always a welcome visitor, opened a fortnight's engagement at the Boston Theatre last Monday evening, in an entirely new play and production. The title is "Eileen Ashore," and the author, Theodore Burt Sayre, has chosen a most interesting epoch for his plot and has

morning and reported the latest discovery of the bird. The president, a well known barber, says that he has heard the singing of the birds in the early morn, but has not as yet seen them. He has been advised to get a job on the electric road, where the birds are visible at night, as well as by day.

**JUDGE PIKE ALLOWS BAIL**

Attorney Harry F. Allen, counsel for Giorgio Fiorentino, the Italian who was committed to jail on March 11 without bail on the charge of assault on Alice Melville with intent to commit murder, petitioned Judge Pike in the superior court today (Friday), asking that Fiorentino be admitted to bail, claiming that the offense was bailable. The court allowed the prisoner's release under bonds of \$500.

**THAT OR A NEW THEATRE FOR MANCHESTER**

Concord folks hope that the result of the Keith fiasco in Manchester will be the addition of the opera house in that city to the Hartford circuit.—Concord Monitor.

**A PIKE OF 1798**

In the St. Patrick's day parade at Manchester tomorrow, a pike used in 1798, owned by Patrick Barry, will be carried. The pike was brought to this country by Patrick Nihand.

**AT CHRIST CHURCH**

There will be evensong and litany of penitence at Christ Church this evening.

**OFFICERS NOMINATED**

For The Annual Meeting Of The Portsmouth Country Club

The nominating committee appointed at a recent meeting of the Portsmouth Country Club, consisting of W. W. Bennett, Gustave Peyser, John W. Emery, W. C. Walton and Dr. F. L. Benedict, have nominated the following officers to be voted on at the annual meeting of the club on April first:

President, Fred H. Ward.  
Vice-President, George A. Leavitt.  
Secretary, W. W. Bennett.  
Treasurer, C. W. Browster.  
Directors, Gustave Peyser, John K. Bates and Thomas F. Flanagan.  
President Harry E. Boynton positively refused to accept the office for another year, and Secretary Mark Anthony also declined a second term. George B. Lord and Fred J. Rider, who have served on the board of directors, also declined a re-election.

The club's last dancing assembly will be held at Peirce Hall this evening and the annual ball will be held at Freeman Hall on Easter Monday evening. Lurvey's orchestra, of Lynn, has been engaged for the annual ball and the committee are arranging for the best affair of the year.

**CONDUCTED SERVICES**

Members of Sagamore Lodge Attend Funeral of Mr. Shannon

Master Workman C. H. Foote, Foreman A. L. Wetherbee, Recorder C. E. Dodge, Past Master Workman A. P. Wendell, E. W. Bryant, John E. Milton and Frank Pike were the members of Sagamore Lodge, Ancient Order of United Workmen, who attended the funeral of Nathaniel H. Shannon today (Friday) and conducted services.

Sagamore Lodge also gave an emblematic floral piece, an anchor and shield. Mr. Shannon's former associates at the navy yard sent beautiful flowers and three were fifty-eight plinks from the family of his son, J. Byron Shannon.

**AND THE CAT CAME BACK.**

Rose Superior to Little Matters, Like Chloroform and Buriat.

John Burroughs, the famous nature student, is never tired of ridiculing the new school of nature writers, the school that attributes a quite human intelligence to animals and insects. "Mr. Burroughs dined with me one night," said a magazine editor of New York, "and among my guests was a young nature writer of the new school."

"This young man told a wonderful story about the intelligence of oysters. He said he was going to put the story in his new book. Mr. Burroughs gave a dry laugh and said: 'Let me tell you about a cat. This story is quite as authentic as the other one, and it should do for your book nicely.'

"The student paused impressively, then said:

"A Springfield couple had a cat that age had rendered helpless, and they put it out of its misery by means of chloroform. They buried it in the garden, and planted a rosebush over its remains. The next morning a familiar scratching took them to the front door, and there was the cat waiting to be let in, with the rosebush under its arm."

**Tricks of the Grogger.**

"The man is a grogger," said the food inspector. "He makes whisky out of old barrels."

"Grogging is a recognized trade in some slums. You get hold of old whisky barrels wherein spirits have been maturing for years and you pour into these barrels boiling hot water and you wait a few days."

"The result of your waiting is that the hot water turns to whisky. The wood of the old barrels, you see, is so saturated with spirits that the hot water draws out enough to make a strong grade of red eye."

**Didn't Mean to Lose Her.**

Dismal Old Lady—I don't suppose I shall ever want another pair, Mr. Stubbins.

Obsequious Elderly Shopman—I 'ope you'll wear out a lot more shoe leather yet, mum.

Dismal Old Lady—Ah, but I've one foot in the grave already.

Obsequious Elderly Shopman—Most 'appy to sell you a single boot, mum. —Philadelphia Inquirer.

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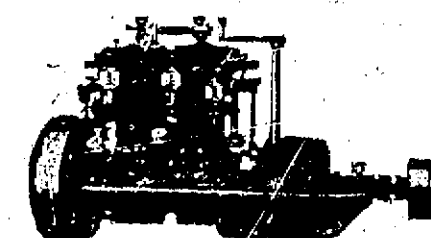
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## GREAT MAN AND THE FUTURE.

We read what some great person says. At least, they say he's great. We think of the things he thinks is coming, quick and straight. We think he knows it all, because he's up where folks can see. But, after all, he's just a man. The same as you and me.

If he thinks things are wrong we think they're wrong, the same as him. When he says anything is doomed, we think his chance is slim. We ain't disposed to question when he talks of what's to be. Yet great men ain't no more than men. The same as you and me.

They tell us what's to come in a month or year or so. And things may happen by tonight. To show they didn't know. The future's full of luck and chance. That people better see. The future's there for only men. The same as you and me.

There's no use gittin' scared because some fellow that is high. Wakes up some night, feelin' blue. And thinks the end is nigh. The world's filled up with things the wise. Once thought could never be. The great ones can't see what's to come. That people better see. S. E. Kiser, in *Chicago Record-Herald*.

## The Reconciliation of Aunt Margaret

By JOHN WICKLIFFE GRAY

BUT, Aunt Margaret, you have never ridden a bicycle. Millard suggested, grasping the idea as the last upon which to make a stand in his argument.

"Millard, Robkin!" Miss Margaret entered up in her chair and gasped at the till of words had lasted some minutes and was growing heated. "Me! Me! ride a bicycle! How dare you suggest such a thing! I wouldn't touch one of the peckly handles with a ten-foot pole. I have despised them ever since people began to run round after the things, and the women began to ride them in those disgraceful bloomers and divided skirts. It was a shame upon every member of the sex. Do you suppose I would have put on bloomers, or that I would have perched myself astride one of those nickel-plated nightmares and paraded myself on the public highways in the sight of every living soul who cared to look! I am surprised that you, a Robkin on your father's side at least, should think of such a thing—to even connect my name with a bicycle. Of course I have never ridden one and never expect to. And now you want to spend your hard-earned salary to buy—"

Words failed and Miss Margaret panted to gain breath. Millard said nothing, though he chuckled lavishly at the picture that his aunt had conjured up from his negative suggestion.

"Myrtle Fuller never rode a bicycle," Miss Margaret continued. "She was too well brought up for that, and she has my opinion of the man who loses his dignity so far as to ride them. Your father never rode one, even after he lost his money; nor did your grandfather before him. They had no use for such an outrageous affair as a bicycle."

"But Aunt Margaret, bicycles were not in use when father was young, and—"

"It makes no difference. Divided skirts were not in use when I was a girl. Other, and I would as soon do like those horrid women on the stage as to wear one of them."

"But, Aunt Margaret, divided skirts needn't be worn. Anyway, I wouldn't want—"

"It's all the same. No man ever became a drunkard if he did not take his first drink," continued Miss Margaret, in a womanly wise missing the point of the argument altogether to carry her point. "To do one is as bad as the other, and the first step leads to the second."

"Dr. Bradley says P is the best exercise," I don't care what Dr. Bradley says. There was a silence unbroken save by the ticking of grandfather's clock in the hallway and even that was muffled and deadened by the intervening tapestries and heavy carpets.

Then Millard queried: "Say, Aunt Margaret, is there nothing that would change your attitude toward bicycles?"

"No," promptly and firmly responded the old lady. Her rather thin lips set in a straight line.

"Not even Myrtle?" queried Millard, in a attitude and expression a veritable creation mark. Perhaps his heart beat in extra stroke or two also. This was liable to be volcanic ground, he knew, but bold tactics must be employed. For Myrtle Fuller, though not a blood relation, was the apple of Miss Margaret's eye. A friendship as strong as it was strange had grown up between the two. And, queerly enough, Miss Margaret looked up to the younger woman in many things, despite the bare twenty-one years of the latter. Her love for the old lady was manifested in all manner of small ways, chiefly in asking her companionship. Thus Miss Fuller was set upon a throne in Miss Margaret's heart. And her opinion of what Miss Fuller did or contemplated, Miss Margaret did correspond. Herself the child of a by-gone day, she accorded Miss Fuller that half-blind, loving reverence that one generation may give a later because it is "up-to-date." Miss Margaret was herself old-fashioned, and, by contrast, could admire the up-to-date in this other, whom she fondly chose to call another edition of her younger self.

There was both perplexity and hesitation in Miss Margaret's voice when she answered.

"I—that might be different. I had never thought of Myrtle on one of the things. She's so pretty—" the speaker began, musing. She was calm now, and Millard endeavored to

smooth the ruffled feathers more before he left the house.

He'd have to do it, he thought. It was the only way out of it. Aunt Margaret was right; her nephew was poor. He could afford to get a bicycle, but he couldn't afford to lose Aunt Margaret's good will. He was not merely that, for he had a great fondness for the old lady, of the sort that delights in teasing.

His reflections as he passed down the street were interrupted by a key voice that said:

"Millard!"

"Myrtle! I was just thinking of you."

There was a twinkle in his eye. In fact, it was there most of the time.

"You must be careful with your compliments. I saw you frowning—yet you were thinking of me."

"The sweetest pleases are serious," she rejoined, and both laughed. "Say, will you go with me this afternoon?"

"I'm not in the habit of breaking engagements, am I?"

"A guilty conscience," he laughed. "I didn't accuse you. Five o'clock, then? It's three now." He looked at his watch.

"But don't tell Aunt Margaret," he cautioned.

"Why? I'm going there now."

"We've just had a little tiff, and—"

he made a gesture that might have meant nothing, or everything.

In good weather Miss Robkin usually drove in the park at five. On this particular evening the whispering leaves told her a secret that made her heart pulse somewhat more rapidly. Myrtle, her Myrtle, and Millard were just added to each other, and, by any means she could invent, these two must be mated.

"It's so good to ride a bicycle," exclaimed Myrtle, as she and Millard turned into the park on wheels he had rented.

"Delightful," he returned. "And more so, when you ride with me," he commented mentally.

He scanned the road ahead full of pleasure vehicles of all kinds. Yes, there they were. Those majestic grays, resembling an embodiment of family pride, could not be mistaken anywhere.

"Let's race!" he cried. "I'll follow this path. It joins the road a quarter of a mile further on. I'll beat you there!" he added, gayly. She nodded acquiescence.

Millard had a wait of some minutes before him when he reached the junction of the roads. Myrtle finally arrived, and greeted him with a puzzled look.

"I met Miss Margaret driving," she said. "I don't understand. She seemed surprised and shocked at first. Made me stop, and asked me all sorts of questions. I thought she knew I learned to ride at college in the physical culture course. She made me ride up and down a little—sort of parade—to see how I looked. Somehow, I forgot to tell her that you were with me. And—it was funny, too—as we separated she said as though it were to herself: 'Without bloomers! It's not so outrageous!'"

But Miss Margaret was perturbed. There was no doubt of it. Even old John, the hereditary butler of the Robkins, remarked it, and shook his head solemnly when, a week later, two oblong wooden cases were received at the rear door of Miss Margaret's home. Unpacked, they revealed two bright new chainless bicycles, one for a man, and the other for a woman.

"I had to do it to keep Millard from spending his salary for one," she explained to Myrtle, later. "And yours is to keep the roses in your cheeks, as Dr. Brauey says."

"I hope you two will enjoy riding the things," Miss Margaret said, as she returned Myrtle's warm caresses of thanks. They were still "things" to Miss Margaret.

And Millard, with the wisdom of a man who knows only that he knows nothing of woman's fancies, having expressed his pleasure and thanks, held his peace about Miss Margaret's former attitude.

The Real Robinson Crusoe. The novel "Robinson Crusoe" was founded on the experiences of a certain Alexander Selkirk, who resided four years on the island of Juan Fernandez in the Pacific ocean. Capt. Rogers, commander of the vessel which rescued Selkirk, related the story, and Defoe afterward worked it up into the narrative now so familiar to all. It was for this reason that Defoe was accused of pilfering the manuscript, and even of having stolen many letters belonging to Selkirk. Defoe is said to have made a snug fortune from the sale of "Robinson Crusoe," and out of the proceeds of the book he had built a fine house for himself in a suburb of London. So it must have won instant popularity. From W. B. Northrop's "The Author of 'Robinson Crusoe,'" in St. Nicholas.

Dangerous Compound. Smokeless powder is very different from the old-fashioned black or the later brown powder. These latter are quick to explode, becoming transformed into gas almost instantaneously, but the nitrocellulose compound now used in our navy guns burns much more slowly, even when confined. When not subjected to confinement it may be said hardly to explode at all. Owing to this deliberate decomposition of the powder in the loaded gun and in the handling-room below the turret, there was little or no rending effect of the explosive upon the structure of the Missouri. The loss of life was due almost wholly to the intense heat.—N. Y. Times.

The Mikado of Japan has also wives. His readiness for battle is now readily understood.

## White Violets

ADA MARIE PECK

(Copyright, 1907, by Daily Story Publ. Co.)

THERE are people who can give a cozy, home-like look to the most barren apartment. Aunt Kent was one of them. She could take a piece of turkey-red calico, and a length of olive cheese cloth, give it a twist and a flit, and evolve a drapery or a picture background, which had more grace and was more effective than a bit of choice fabric in another person's hands.

Miss Kent sat at a little table spread with an artist's outfit, and was painting an Easter card from a bunch of flowers.

"Why don't you say something?" ran on her sister, in a tone of slight vexation. "If you think 'silence is golden,' why, then, continue to keep still, for it is gold I want; heaps and heaps of it."

Miss Kent still kept her head bent over her work, but repeated in a low voice:

"Whereunto is money good? Who has it not wants hardihood, who has it has much trouble and care, who once has had it has despair."

"That is just it!" cried Ann, "who once has had it has despair. To have inherited expensive tastes from generations of moneyed ancestors, and then to be left penniless! I believe in heredity. My great-grandmother entailed upon me a liking for stiff brocades and soft laces and here my wardrobe is reduced pretty nearly to that of a Sioux squaw—a blanket and a feather. Then, another thing, when money goes, how much goes with it—social position, friendship, love—"

"That was not love which went," Miss Kent softly returned.

"Salome!" exclaimed her sister, with mock sternness. "Why don't you converse, as our landlady says; not sit there and hurl quotations at me. Talk about the opal palling or glowing as affection warms or waxes. It is affection, instead, that grows warm or cold when the heap of almighty dollars grows larger or smaller."

There was a sad, perplexed look on Miss Kent's face, but it did not prevent Ann from saying:

"Do you suppose Hoyt Gurnsey would have left you without a word of explanation if we had not lost our money? Would he have dared do it if father had lived?"

"The only thing to do," returned Miss Kent, with a note of entreaty, "is to put yesterday out of our lives. Not worry about to-morrow, but remember we have only to-day."

"Will you get these cards done by four o'clock?" asked Ann, accepting the intimation that the past was a painful subject.

"Even before then. When you take your constitutional, perhaps you will carry them to Morgan's for me. I hope they will sell well," she sighed.

"Sure to," returned Ann, looking them over. "I like this better than any. There is so much real feeling about it—the dead leaves and withered violets are so perfect. I do not see, though, what it has to do with Easter, except the motto on the back."

Then she bustled about the little kitchen, which adjoined, and shortly came back with flushed cheeks, and a black mark on her dimpled chin.

"Mademoiselle is served," she announced, with a low bow. "In other words, come out to luncheon."

"We are like the two old maid sisters I read about the other day," laughed Salome, cleaning her brushes. "a crack in the floor constitutes the partition between our dining room and kitchen."

Miss Kent smiled at Ann's nonsense, giving her a grateful look. "You are all sunshine and unselfishness."

"Now, I really am all sunshine," she declared, rushing into the little studio a few hours later, breathless with excitement and fast walking. "And you must go to making hay at once, for who do you suppose has bought ever so many of your cards? Why, Mrs. Carson, Hoyt Gurnsey's cousin, who used to know her. Of course, she had no idea who painted them, but just raved over them, said they were so artistic. So you can go to work again, for she gets the fashion."

As Miss Kent worked, she felt into a brown study, and there was a hot rash of blood to her cheeks. She had not thought that there was a possibility of Gurnsey's—who was either abroad or in a distant city—seeing the cards. Now, perhaps his cousin would send him one; and perhaps she would ask at Morgan's who painted them and tell him, and he would glory in her humiliation, especially if perverse fate should lead Mrs. Carson to select the very one of all others she would not wish him to see. For, had he not said to her once, when she was in a proud, wayward mood: "Salome one should never trifle with love—you might uproot it and repent. Remember: 'Violets plucked, the sweetest show-ers'."

Will never make grow again."

She had the couplet so persistently in her mind one morning that she almost unconsciously sketched in a bunch of white violets—the flowers he always brought her—with delicate purple veinings and pale green leaves, and in one of the lower corners a shadowy group of a half-dozen withered leaves and blossoms. Then she carefully lettered the little sentiment, and as it had no especial connection with Easter, upbraided herself for waste of time, finally adding a churchy motto, and putting the card with the others.

Hoyt Gurnsey, lounging in Mrs. Carson's luxurious morning room, had picked up that very card and was looking at it with surprise and emotion.

"Where did you find this? Who painted it?" he asked, eagerly. "It is unique."

"Oh, you marplot!" exclaimed his cousin. "The very card I meant to send to you. I found them all at Morgan's. Yes, it is odd."

"This is just its odd I would prefer. Thank you. By the way, what became of the Kent's? I asked a half-dozen times in my letters, but you never answered."

"I really don't know," she carelessly returned, dropping a bit of scented wax on a dainty envelope. "They have taken a room or two in some shabby tenement on an obscure street, I believe."

"Do you mean to say that they are in this city and as poor as that?" exclaimed Hoyt, getting up quickly and upsetting the tray of cards, and all else in his way.

"People say so," she replied, indifferently.

"Do you know what I think?" he asked, hotly. "That you are culpably negligent and heartless. You were calling acquaintances and were in the same set; why in the name of common Christianity, even if not close friends, should you have seen if you could not be of service to those girls, deprived of fortune and friends at one stroke?"

"Don't be quixotic, Hoyt," returned his cousin, shrugging her pretty shoulders. "My time is full; I belong to everything; I haven't leisure in which to hunt up comparative strangers. Must you go? I thought you would stay to luncheon."

Gurnsey took to Morgan's on his way downtown.

"Who painted these?" he asked, as he bought the remaining cards.

"The youngest Miss Kent brings them here. One of the Broad street Kents; her father failed in business and died shortly after, you remember."

"If more are offered for sale, lay them aside for me. They are so unusually pretty that I wish to purchase them all. Then he consulted a directory, and, going out, met Ann Kent. She was full of repressed excitement when she returned home, and for several days after, briskly announcing the afternoon before Easter, "Every one of your cards are sold, and at just twice as much as you asked. I dared to spend some of the money for you; I invested in a pair of gloves at a bargain. See, they exactly match your gray gown. You know you said the other day that it was one of the cardinal sins to wear shabby gloves, and that yours were not fit to be seen."

"Where is your Easter finery?"

"Here," answered Ann, promptly putting a fingertip on each rosy cheek. "Beautified, you know; and here," she added, bringing in a basket of flowers.

"Oh, my dear, you have been most extravagant."

"Not I, mademoiselle," returned Ann, with a twinkle in her eyes, "but the green grocer."

"Who do you mean by the green grocer? If it is the vegetable man, I am sure I hope you haven't accepted a costly basket of flowers from him."

"Then the milk man—"

"Please be serious," interrupted Miss Kent.

"Then kindly remember that the age of Ann is that of discretion. Can't I have a bit of secret all my own? All I ask of you is to wear these to-morrow," and she handed a bunch of white violets to Salome, who grew pale as she took them, but controlled herself enough to say:

"They are very sweet; and it was lovely in you to think of my favorite flowers, but we need so many things—the rent and coal," she sighed, putting the violets in a little vase on the table.

In the morning Ann brought the violets to her as she was dressing for church.

"Do wear them," she urged. "Now you look like a sweet saint," she declared as she fastened them in the lace at Salome's throat, for with them a feeling of serenity came to Miss Kent. She even talked hopefully of their future as they walked along in the bright sunshine.

## GAS AND ITS CENTENARY.

Illuminant Was First Looked Upon With Much Alarm.

Gas, as a practical illuminant, passed its century mark on January 23. On that day in 1807 there was in London "a new and singular spectacle," according to the account of a visitor, "the whole range of Pall Mall, from St. James' to Cockspur street, was lighted up by means of lamps fed with gas instead of oil and oil, and certainly in a style of much superior brilliancy. This was the first instance of street lighting by coal gas in London, or in any other city. The merit of the enterprise is due to Winsor, a German company-promoting expert, who was especially interested in the question of economic fuel. His pamphlets, however, contained so much extravagant fanaticism and quackery that they retarded rather than furthered his schemes, which met with an extraordinary amount of opposition, even from enlightened people.

Sir Walter Scott wrote that there was a madman proposing to light London with smoke. Awful consequences were predicted. The gas would poison the air and blow up the inhabitants; it was explosive, dangerous, offensive and unmanageable; the pipes conveying it would be hot and apt to produce conflagrations. The lamplighters to a man opposed the new mode of street lighting, and it is curious to notice the great hesitation as to its possible expressed in contemporary scientific and popular literature.

When a chartered company was at length formed in 1810, the shareholders were pitted as idiots; and David Pollock, for 30 years its governor, received some extraordinary answers in doggerel rhyme from otherwise sober and staid individuals whom he had asked to take shares.

MAN OF STRANGE CHARACTER.

First Duke of Marlborough Well Called Human Enigma.

Herbert Paul, in his book on Queen Anne of England, paints a new picture of the great duke of Marlborough.

He was not truthful. He was not straightforward. He was not honest. In his love of money and his capacity for hoarding it he rivaled those wretched misers who have done no more than contemplate their gains. And yet, such are the strange freaks in which nature indulges, this mean and selfish intemperance was endowed with perfect courage, with an irresistible charm of manner, with a temper which even his wife failed to disturb, with a brain that no sophistry could obscure, and with a military genius before which criticism is humbly silent.

He was treacherous even in a treacherous age. Wholly devoid of cruelty, and by nature humane, he is said never to have sacrificed an unnecessary life. He used his fellow-creatures for his own purposes, and when he had no further use for them he forgot their existence. He made his plans and carried them out with the absolute efficiency of sheer intelligence and the serene implacability of impersonal fate.

An Old-Time Playful Prisoner.

The centenary has been noted recently in London of what the Annual Register called "a most unparalleled act of robbery." It was only the theft of a pocket handkerchief from a pocket; but the circumstances of the deed explain the vehemence of this denunciation. Four men were on their trial for assaulting a man in his house at Ponder's End, putting him in fear and stealing from him; and one of them relieved the tedium of the trial, which lasted eight hours, by picking the pocket of one of the turnkeys as he stood in the dock. An official had the presence of mind to order the restoration of the handkerchief, and the prisoner obeyed, "with the most careless indifference," but the court, we read, "were horror-struck. Justice, however, pulled itself together sufficiently to sentence all four men to death."

He Lost His Nose.

A butcher in New Orleans sent his apprentice boy with two knives to be sharpened. After a keen edge had been placed on them, the boy started back for the shop. On the way he began tossing one of the knives in the air, the same as he had seen a juggler do. He didn't prove to be much of a juggler, however. After the third or fourth toss the knife came down and cut his nose off as slick as you please, and he was rushed to a hospital. They are going to make him a nose of wax to replace the one he lost, but he will have to be very careful how he lets other folks put it.

Modern France.

One must go through the provinces of France to find her men and understand the source of her past power. Those who meet with daily are a fine, manly-looking lot of fellows—bright eyes and erect, sturdy figures, nothing effeminate about them, in all ways superior to the men of the towns, who would seem to be descended from the old men and boys, all Napoleon left in the land in his world race for self-glory.

Information Held Back.

There had been a fatal railroad accident and the reporter sought information. "See here," said the official testily, "you fellows must think we have accidents for your benefit. Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me whose benefit you do have them for?" rejoined the reporter. But even touching this point the official was reticent.

Von Moltke a Hard Loser.

Count von Moltke, Germany's great field marshal, never lost a battle and it amazed him to lose a game of cards. A recent biographer says of his old age: "The family were trained to let him win if they could without his noticing their maneuver, and they would reckon up the sums to the smallest amount. 'It is really wonderful that I have won in spite of my bad play,' he remarked once, rather sheepishly, but he abided by the result."—Exchange.

Probably.

"I saw a picture of a group of children who will be rulers of men some day."

"Must be girl children, aren't they?" Houston Post.

## TEST OF THE GIRL'S LOVE.

Her Sweetheart Wins, but Admits He Took a Long Chance.

"I couldn't feel sure," said he to his chum, "that she really cared for me, so I wrote myself this telegram: 'Will you go as accountant for tea firm in China at salary of \$50 per week? Start Thursday. Answer at once.' I signed the name of a fictitious firm and showed her the telegram as soon as I got to her house that night."

"What do you think about it?" she asked.

"I don't know what to think," said I.

"She mused a little while."

"Do you want to go?" she asked me.

"If it wasn't for you I'd want to go."

"Then she said in a faint voice: 'Do whatever you think best.'"

"I'd go if it wasn't for you," I replied.

"She sat still, looking at the fire. Then of a sudden she began to cry."

"Oh, don't go! don't go!" she wailed. "Don't go and leave me all alone. What would I do—what would I do without you?"

"So I told her I wouldn't go. It is a grand thing to have a girl to care for you so much as that. I know that this girl loves me truly."

"If I had been the girl," said







## THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC  
MARCH 15

Moon rises.....5:33 | Moon sets.....07:27 P. M.  
Sun rises.....6:50 | Sun sets.....06:10 A. M.  
Length of day.....11:22 | Full moon.....00:19 P. M.

First Quarter, March 21st, 8h. 10m., evening, W.  
Full Moon, March 26th, 2h. 44m., evening, E.  
Last Quarter, April 5th, 10h. 20m., morning, W.  
New Moon, April 10th, 2h. 5m., evening, W.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

F. W. HARTFORD,  
Treasurer.

## THE TEMPERATURE

Forty degrees above zero was the temperature at THE HERALD office at two o'clock this afternoon

## CITY BRIEFS

The bock beer season is almost over.

The forge plant is a scene of great activity.

White fish has appeared in the market.

Coal arrivals have not been numerous of late.

The snow is piled high in the country districts.

The ice obstinately remains on many streets.

Nell Burgess is always a welcome visitor in this city.

There seems to be lots of trouble in Stratham just now.

The report of the county commissions is a pleasing one.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Petty burglaries again annoy the guardians of the city's peace.

There is not quite so much illness as there was a few weeks ago.

The paper company is receiving large consignments of pulpwood.

Church social events follow one another with bewildering rapidity.

See the great hit, "The Isle of Spice", on Saturday afternoon and evening at Music Hall.

The police have all at once found themselves with plenty of work on hand.

Chauncey O'cott in a brand new play will certainly please the theatre-goers of this city.

Hear the catchy songs in "The Isle of Spice" at Music Hall on Saturday afternoon and evening.

Muncheater seems to have cornered all the St. Patrick's day celebrations in this state.

Invitations are being issued to the annual Easter Monday ball of the Portsmouth Country Club.

The class of 1907 will make a pleasing innovation in the matter of a class gift to the High School.

The great musical extravaganza, "The Isle of Spice", at Music Hall on Saturday afternoon and evening.

There is to be a reception to navy yard employees at the Y. M. C. A. building next Wednesday evening.

## OBITUARY

## Michael Cogger

Michael Cogger died yesterday at his home on McDonough street. Mr. Cogger has been employed here for some time as a teamster, and has made many friends. The body was taken to Lowell this forenoon by Undertaker Miskell for services and interment. He leaves a wife and daughter, and one brother Thomas local agent for Hood & Co.

## Mrs. Eliza J. Appleton

Mrs. Eliza J. Appleton of Burlington, Vt., died this (Friday) morning at the home on Melbourne street of her son, with whom she was visiting, aged sixty-nine years. She was the widow of Scott J. Appleton of Berlin.

## WILL SOON BEGIN WORK

The work of rewiring the post-office and custom house for the underground connecting wires will shortly be commenced. The contract has been awarded to Chadwick and Trefethen.

## LOOKS LIKE BUSINESS

It looks like business at the paper mill. Over 100 cars of pulpwood have been received there this week and the second carload of paper will shortly be shipped to New York.

## WILL ENTERTAIN WARWICK CLUB

Lew Cross, the billiard expert, will entertain the members of the Warwick Club this evening.

## WANTED PAPERS

Dr. Treadwell's Attorneys  
Made Demand

BEFORE JUDGE PIKE IN  
SUPERIOR COURT

Judge Simes Said He Was Bound  
By A Promise

PROPOSITION MADE BY JUDGE EMERY  
AND ACCEPTED

Judge Pike came to Portsmouth this (Friday) morning to hear arguments in the case of Dr. Robert O. Treadwell against Judge Thomas H. Simes. The particular action was a petition for information filed by Dr. Treadwell's attorneys, Page and Bartlett, to secure from Judge Simes certain papers said to be in his possession, the property of Dr. Treadwell.

Judge Samuel W. Emery appeared for Judge Simes and Page and Bartlett for Dr. Treadwell.

Judge Simes admitted that he had the papers in question, but said that he was bound by a solemn promise, made to Dr. Treadwell, not to turn them over to Page and Bartlett.

It was charged that Page and Bartlett used "duress and coercion" to secure the order for the papers. The sanity of Dr. Treadwell was also questioned.

The charges were denied by Page and Bartlett and it was further stated that the papers in the case were executed within a year and that if Dr. Treadwell is insane now he was insane at that time. It was claimed that Dr. Treadwell is of sound mind and perfectly competent to transact business. The further claim was made that Judge Simes had recognized previous orders to make deliveries to Page and Bartlett.

Both sides were ready to try the case, but Judge Pike was of the opinion that it would take too long. Judge Emery, therefore, made a proposition.

He suggested that Judge Pike take the papers, read them over and allow Dr. Treadwell to peruse them. If, after reading, Dr. Treadwell still wished the papers given to Page and Bartlett, Judge Simes would readily deliver them.

"Judge Simes does not want them, anyway," said Judge Emery, "but if he delivers them he requests a court decree for his protection."

It was intimated that the papers contained matter which would make sensational reading.

Page and Bartlett agreed to the proposition of Judge Simes and Judge Pike left the court room at half-past eleven with Sheriff Collins for a conference with Dr. Treadwell.

Judge Pike returned from the conference and rendered his decision at fifteen minutes before two. He ordered the papers delivered to Page and Bartlett, at the same time ordering the expenses of Judge Simes in the case against Judge Simes dismissed without costs.

## "MOTHER GOOSE" PARTY

Given By The Rogers Mission Circle  
Of North Church

There was a sale and entertainment at the chapel of the North Church on Thursday evening, given by the Rogers Mission Circle. It took the form of a "Mother Goose" party, with shadow pictures representing characters from the Mother Goose melodies.

The first picture was "Jack and Jill", with Lee Haley as Jack and Helen Davis as Jill. Other characters were as follows:

Jack Horner, Frederick Matthews.  
Little Miss Muffet, Helen Boylston.

Bo-Peep, Constance Noyes.  
Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, Marie Brewster.

Old King Cole, Russell Leavitt.  
Queen of Hearts, Frances Grace.

Mother Goose songs were sung in the intervals between the pictures. A pleasant feature was the sale for use at Easter of plants grown from bulbs given to the children of the society at Christmas time. The plants included tulips, hyacinths and crocuses and had been most carefully

A  
CHICKERING UPRIGHT  
PIANO

Slightly used, in perfect condition, latest model, dark Mahogany case, in every respect as good as if just from factory. This Piano will be sold at a bargain price and terms on application.

H. P. Montgomery's,

6 Pleasant Street Opp. P. O.

nurtured by the children into whose care they were given.

Cake was sold by Margaret Goodwin, Frances Murch and Marion Noyes.

Helen Walker, Marion Grace, Mabel Somerby and Miss Brackett sold candy.

## TROUBLES OF THEIR OWN

Railroad Baggage Masters Have a  
Varied Assortment

The baggage masters at the railroad station have troubles that no other man thinks about.

They are often handed many harsh words because they refuse to check such articles as washbubs, hen coops, sewing machines and fireproof safes, but the climax was reached today (Friday), when a colored man boldly walked up to chief Baggage Master Fred deRochemont and asked him to check three horses to Portland on the 10.45 train.

Fred held his breath and after a while got himself together and informed his colored friend that the freight department was just across the way and would take care of his troubles.

He expects some day that patrons will want a stable moved by the baggage department.

## TRAFFIC BLOCKED

Breaking of a Coupling Disables  
Train at Newmarket

The breaking of a coupling on a locomotive hauling a freight train disabled the train and blocked traffic on the Western division of the Boston and Maine railroad at Newmarket for an hour on Thursday evening. Fireman Wentworth was standing with one foot on the tender and one on the locomotive when the two broke apart and had he not been caught by Engineer Stone would have fallen to his death. As it was, he escaped with a slight injury to one foot.

## GRAND OPENING

Burdock Club is to Have One Next  
Week

President "Al" Snow of the Burdock Club was seen about town early this (Friday) morning, as busy as a York cranberry merchant.

When questioned, he said that the "Burdocks" are to have an opening next week at their Winter quarters on the corner of Daniel and Penhalow streets and that he was out after the prices of fancy caterers and in direct communication over the wire with the leading amusement bureaus of Boston and New York for talent to appear on that occasion.

President Snow says that it will be the best yet and there will be no trouble in getting plenty of good fish. The Lemon Club will attend in a body.

## PANIC OVER

Such the Indication From Reports  
Received in This City

Reports received in this city today (Friday) were that the panic in the stock market appeared to be over. All stocks showed a decided upward tendency.

The market opened strong and continued to gain strength.

## OBSEQUIES

The body of Charles Mason, who died in Meriden, Mass., arrived in this city on the 10.10 train this (Friday) forenoon. Interment was in Harmony Grove cemetery, under the direction of Undertaker H. W. Nickerson.

The body of Nathaniel H. Shannon was brought to this city this (Friday) forenoon on the 10.35 train. Rev. George E. Leighton held services at the grave and there was a delegation from Sugamore Lodge, Ancient Order of United Workmen. Burial was in Harmony Grove cemetery, Undertaker Nickerson in charge.

## PERSONALS

John H. Dowd is visiting friends in Boston and Quincy, Mass.

Thomas B. Emery of York Beach was a visitor here on Thursday.

Col. Michael Crowley of Boston passed the day here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Millard Berry have removed from Greenland to this city.

Mrs. Charles E. Hodgdon is recovering from an attack of tonsillitis.

Mrs. W. A. Hall of State street is passing a few days with friends in Boston.

James McCarthy of Gates street is confined to his home by a severe attack of rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Albert Walker and daughter are in Atlantic City, N. J., for a short stay.

Thomas E. Call and Thomas H. Rider are taking in the automobile show in Boston today.

The condition of Thomas Murphy, who was injured a few days ago at the roundhouse, is much improved.

Mrs. E. Edgar Hodgdon of North Conway is the guest of her son, Charles E. Hodgdon of Maplewood avenue.

Dr. Newcomb of New York, is here calling on the farmers with a recent discovery called Bovine Vaccine, to prevent tuberculosis.

Police Officer J. Frank Shannon, who has been confined to his home with the grip for the past four weeks, is rapidly recovering and made a call at police headquarters today.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Scott Smith of Washington, formerly of this city, left today for Arizona and New Mexico. On April 1, Mr. Smith will take up his new position at Hot Springs, Ark.

Frank H. Meloon, Jr., for nearly three years night city editor of The Chronicle, has resigned his position to accept that of assistant manager of the Maine Farmer at Augusta, Me. While regretting his departure, we wish Mr. Meloon every possible success in his new field of labor.

## AT THE NAVY YARD

A court martial case is being heard today.

California papers report that the construction and repair department of the Mare Island yard has quite a number of boys at work at present, maintaining an efficient messenger service, in addition to employing many as helpers and rivet heaters. Many of the boys, it is said, should be in school.

Several members of the New Hampshire Legislature were at the yard today (Friday) looking over the different shops and ships.

The teaming business to and from the yard has dropped off very much of late and most of the freight for the station is now received and sent out by trains.

Two boiler-makers, first class, were discharged from the steam engineering department today.

The Leonidas will be placed in the dock as soon as possible after her arrival here.

The place of Inspector at this yard, made vacant by the death of John E. Holland, will not be filled, it is said.

Several owners of the large row-boats from the South End, Portsmouth, have been taking in the automobile and power boat show in Boston and judging from reports some fancy motive power will be installed in the boats of the fleet before long.

The pleasure of fishing off the new pier in the back channel has come to an end, owing to orders issued to the sentry to keep the pier clear. Some handsome catches of smelts and other fish were made there, but it came to a point where too many lines were thrown off the pier and everybody that could get a line and bait was headed that way.

## A GREAT SUCCESS

The Annual Easter Sale Of  
Y. P. C. U.

HELD AT UNIVERSALIST CHURCH  
THURSDAY EVENING

The Young Peoples' Christian Union, connected with the Universalist church, held a most successful Easter sale at the vestry of the church on Pleasant street, Thursday afternoon and evening.

The vestry had been transformed into a flower garden, all of the tastefully arranged booths being decorated with flowers. The electric effects were striking and gave the finishing touches to a very pretty picture.

The sale was held both in the afternoon and evening and to attendance was large. The various tables contained a fine assortment and the demand was such that early in the evening practically everything was sold. During the evening a fine musical program was given consisting of vocal and instrumental selections.

The entire affair was in charge of Mrs. Mary A. Cole whose artistic ability for such affairs is well known. The following were the tables, decorations and committees:

Candy Table—Trimmed with yellow butterfly and smilax, Misses Ethel Pollard, Marion Grant, Effie Garland, Flora Dimick, Emma Smart and Miss Willgoose.

Fancy work—Wistaria decorations, Miss Florence Garrett, Mrs. John Grant, Misses Margaret Fletcher, Marion White, Ella Lownd, Mabel Shedd.

Apron Table—Decorated with white lilies work and poppies, Mrs. William Goodwin, chairman, Mrs. Tiathaway, Mrs. Joseph Hett, Mrs. Bertha Plaisted, Mrs. Ellen Rand, Mrs. Alice Johnson.

Bundle table—Misses Fannie Lewis, Inez Gray, Cella Gustavson, Sadie Barsantee, Sara Johnson, Gertrude Hett and Florence Hett.

Tea Room—Here chocolate and fancy crackers were served by the following attendants: Mrs. G. E. Leighton having charge, Misses Alice Hanscom, Grace Sides, Margaret Garrett, Antonette Sides and Mrs. Albert Hanscom.

The ice cream booth was in charge of Mrs. Lewis with the following assistants—Charles Taylor, Ralph Hett, Ralph Spring, William Goodwin, Percy Primmerman and Curtis Primmerman.

The electric decorations were, in charge of Karl Thaxter, and that gentleman never made a better display of his talent.

## A PROBABILITY OF THE FUTURE

All the public schools closed shortly after three o'clock this (Friday) afternoon, on account of a local lecture. It will no doubt in future be the custom to close the schools for all prize wheel tournaments.

Ralph Gould of Lisbon Falls, Me., formerly of this city, is a visitor here.

## THE URN'S SOLILOQUY.

The man's remains  
Herein to be seen  
Belonged to the man  
Who used Gasoline.

He used it ten years  
Nevertheless it was fated  
At the end of that time  
He should be cremated.

If you'd choose not his doom  
But a long life would pass  
Abjure all these "ones"  
Do your cooking with Gas.

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY LIGHT &  
POWER CO.

CUT PRICE  
EACH WEEK

On one article

Watch This Space

THIS WEEK  
Sugar Corn 7cts. can  
Peas 10cts. can

A. S. WOODWARD  
95 1-2 CONGRESS ST.

CALL FOR  
HIGH GRADE RUBBERS

YOU CAN FIND THEM AT  
THE WHITE SHOE STORE.

Mishawaka Ball Brand Boots \$3.50

The Best Wearing Boot Made.

Duncan & Storer,  
5 MARKET ST.

CHAS. J. WOOD  
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Army and Navy Uniforms and Equipments

Imported and Domestic Doeskins  
Broadcloths and Serges

TELEPHONE 311-12.

TEDDY BEAR STICK  
PINS 10 CENTS

A. P. Wendell & Co.'s,  
2 Market Square.

CARPET SALE  
50 PER CENT DISCOUNT

25 TAPESTRY RUGS, 48 inches, at.....  
\$1.25.

20 SMYRNA RUGS, 30 inches, at.....  
\$1 90.

40 SMYRNA RUGS, 36 inches, at.....  
\$2.75.

10 8-3x10-6 TAPESTRY RUGS at.....  
\$9.00.

5 Rolls of COTTON CARPET at.....  
30c Per Yard.

8 Rolls of ALL WOOL CARPET at.....  
49c Per Yard.

500 Rolls of JAPANESE and CHINA MATTING, price.....  
9c to 60c.

ALL GOODS DELIVERED FREE.

OLIVER W. HAM,  
Complete House Furnisher.